New Architect Of St. John's Cathedral

RALPH ADAMS CRAM of Boston, who has been chosen as architect to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York city, has won a splendid reputation by his accomplishments since he began practice as an architect in 1889. He was born at Hampton Falls, N. H., Dec. 16, 1863, the son of the Rev. William Augustine and Sarah Elizabeth Cram.

Mr. Cram received his education at Augusta, Me.; Hampton Falls, N. H.; Westford, Mass., and Exeter, N. H., and in 1900 was married at New Bedford Mass., to Elizabeth Carrington Read, daughter of the late Captain Clement Carrington Read, C. S. A. They have two children, Mary Carrington and Ralph Wentworth.

The principal work done by Mr. Cram's firm has been church building and practically always on Gothic lines. In 1903, in competition among ten of the principal firms of the United States, his firm won the commission for the rebuilding of the United States Military academy at West Point. This work is of Gothic, of a military type, and about $7,500,000 has thus far been expended on it.

A list of the firm's works includes St. Thomas' church, New York; Halifax cathedral, First Baptist church, Pittsburg; Sage memorial, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; South church, New York; Taft school, Watertown, Conn.; Calvary church, Pittsburg; Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church, Cleveland; St. Paul's cathedral, Detroit, and several churches in Cuba, including Trinity church, Havana.

The firm has charge of the new Chapel of the Intercession for Trinity parish, New York, work on which will be begun this fall, and also of a great hotel to be built at Colon, isthmus of Panama. Mr. Cram's office is at present preparing plans for the Toronto cathedral to be built this year and is in charge of the construction of all the buildings for the Rice institute, Houston, Tex., at a cost of several million dollars; Richmond college, Richmond, Va., and collegiate and educational work is being done at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass.; St. Mary's convent, Peekskill, N. Y.; Phillips academy, Exeter, N. H., and Wheaton seminary, Norton, Mass.

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RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

His firm built Campbell hall at Princeton university, and the plans are now finished for the Graduate college and Cleveland Memorial tower to be erected immediately at a cost of $650,000.

Mr. Cram was last year made a doctor of letters by Princeton university, for which institution he is supervising architect. He has for the past three years been lecturer on architectural design at Harvard university.

He is a fellow of the Boston Society of Architects, American Institute of Architects, North British Academy of Art, Royal Geographical Society of London, member of American Federation of Art and Architectural Association of London. His clubs are the Puritan, Boston, and the Century, New York.

NOVEL CAMPAIGN.

Candidate For Governor of Illinois Touring State by Automobile.

Walter Clyde Jones, candidate for governor of Illinois, is making a spectacular tour of the entire state in an automobile. Mr. Jones is the candidate of the Illinois Progressive Republican league and has the backing of Charles E. Merriam, who was a candidate for mayor of Chicago against Carter Harrison last fall. Mr. Jones is at present a member of the Illinois state senate. Former Governor Yates is Mr. Jones' opponent and has the support of the "old guard" and the Lorimer machine.

© by Moffett.
WALTER CLYDE JONES.

"KING OF THE BLACK HAND."

Police Believe They Have Him In Italian Arrested In New York.

The Black Hand industry in this country was given a jar by the recent arrest in New York of Giuseppe Costabile, a shrewd, narrow eyed Italian, whom they have been tracking for the last six years. Costabile is declared by the police to be the chief and master mind of a gang of blackmailers who have set scores of explosions in New York, and he is also believed to be connected with Black Hand gangs and operations in other cities.

Costabile was arrested in the middle of the day in a crowded section of the city with a large yellow bomb concealed under his coat. The missile is

Photo by American Press Association.
GIUSEPPE COSTABILE.

about five inches in diameter and resembles a five pound shot. It is light in weight, however, and contained no slugs or iron, but merely high explosives. Costabile has been suspected for years as the manufacturer of bombs for Black Hand operations.

The police hope to have Costabile sent to prison for seven years under the law which makes the carrying of a "deadly weapon" a felon. The court refused bail to the prisoner.

Some of Costabile's career is already a part of the records of the detective bureau. He is a debonair little man—five feet four inches tall, weighing 118 pounds, with quizzical blue eyes and a good humored mouth, about which curls a soft brown mustache. He is twenty-seven years old, calls himself a salesman and lives comfortably with his wife and two children.

Lieutenant Petrosino, who was murdered by the Black Hand in Italy, was responsible for Costabile's first arrest, on July 17, 1908, but could induce none of the victims to testify, and consequently Costabile obtained his freedom. In the years that have elapsed since then Costabile has been kept under almost constant surveillance. Many a story of his activities has come to the police, but there was none to make a complaint against him.

The police say that Costabile's gang had a regular scale of blackmail, ranging from $20 to $50 a month, and that the list of merchants who paid this tribute was large. The members of the gang lived high. The identity of some of the members is known, and those who have not escaped following Costabile's apprehension will be taken into custody.

On Costabile's person was found a list of intended victims. In court he swore with uplifted hand that he would kill the detectives who had caused his arrest.

WORLD'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER

The Official Gazette of Peking Celebrates Its One Thousandth Birthday.

The Tching-Pao, the official gazette of Peking, recently celebrated its one thousandth anniversary and claims to be the oldest newspaper in the world. Ever since its conception a copy of

FACSIMILE PORTION OF TCHING-PAO.

each edition has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Peking palace.

A love for accuracy has evidently been the keynote of its success, and in order to bring about this happy state of affairs it is affirmed that a number of journalists on its staff have paid the penalty with their lives for the responsibility of mistakes printed in its columns. This, of course, was carrying things rather far.

In any case, it must have required no little courage in those days to embark upon such a perilous vocation.

BOWSER'S ERROR.

He Was Certain He Could Find a White Woodchuck.

HIS WIFE HAD HER DOUBTS.

"Naturalist" Was Eager to Prove He Was Right, So He Went to the Country in Quest of Curiosity, but Farmers Fail to Help Him.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.]

WHEN Mr. Bowser didn't rush away from the breakfast table the other morning to catch the car Mrs. Bowser looked at him closely to see if he was ill, and, detecting no signs, she asked:

"Don't you go to the office today?"

"No. There's a little outside matter to keep me busy."

"You are not going to paint or whitewash?"

"No."

"And you are not going to look at an airship?"

"Certainly not. I am going to make a trip to the country. I could have told you last night, but I thought this morning would do. You know I am a member of the Naturalists' club?"

"I know you belong to five or six different clubs."

"Well, the Naturalist is one of them. For the last six months we have been having a rather hot dispute with a like club in England, and I am hoping to settle it today."

"Why, how can you settle it? If it's anything about animals or birds or fish, what can you know?"

Knew About Natural History.

"I don't like that tone," replied Mr. Bowser as he flushed up. "If I hadn't known a little something about natural history I shouldn't have been invited to join the club, nor would its president have come to me the other day to ask my opinion."

"On what?"

"As to whether a certain bone was the hip bone of a lion or the jawbone of a shark I may know a thing or two even if my name is Bowser."

"Of course you do," replied Mrs. Bowser, "but it's news to me that you are a naturalist. What specimen are you going out to look for?"

"The English club contends that there is no such thing as a white woodchuck in the whole world. We contend the woods are full of them

EXPLAINS TO FARMER'S WIFE.

I am going out and have a farmer kill me one, and the pelt will be sent over the water as proof."

"We had woodchucks on our farm when I was a girl, but I don't believe there were any white ones. They are a gray brown."

"What you saw when you were a girl has nothing to do with the case in point. You were paying more attention to dolls than to woodchucks. I have seen a hundred of them."

"You'd better look at our natural history book and see before you go."

His Word Settled It.

"Mrs. Bowser, you seem determined to quarrel about this matter. I have said there are white woodchucks. That ought to settle the point. If it doesn't, then I will bring the pelt of one and hold it under your eyes. If it was a case of frying eggs or mashing potatoes I would give into you, but when it's a question of woodchucks I take a back seat for no human being."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Mrs. Bowser as he departed, and she took down the natural history and failed to find that a white woodchuck had ever been seen on earth.

Mr. Bowser took no gun with him. He proposed to hire a farmer to dig out and kill the game he was after. He rode eight miles on a suburban trolley car and then dropped off at a farmer's door. The man of toil was in the field, but the wife was on hand to answer questions. As Mr. Bowser walked up the path she figured that he was a chicken buyer and that she might work some old hens off on him, and she was disappointed when he greeted her with a good morning and added:

"Madam, I am a naturalist, and I am out here looking for a specimen."

"Is it subscription books?" she asked.

"Oh, no."

"We don't want any photographs enlarged."

Woman Never Saw One.

"A naturalist, madam, is one who studies animals, birds, fish and so on. What I am after is a woodchuck."

"Oh, I see."

"A white woodchuck."

"But I never heard of one. We have woodchucks here, but no white ones. The pesky things ate up our field beans last year."

"But, madam, there must be white woodchucks," persisted Mr. Bowser. "Are all horses, cows, sheep, hogs and chickens the same color? Of course not. They why should all woodchucks be gray brown? The color would be monotonous even to the animals themselves."

"Well, I never saw one," answered the woman, "and you'd better go to the field and ask my husband."

Mr. Bowser made his way down to where a couple of men were at work, and when one of them asked what he wanted he replied:

"An hour or so of your time, for which I will pay well. I want you to kill and skin a white woodchuck for me."

Both men laughed outright.

"Is it so very funny?" asked the naturalist.

Could Find Green Possum.

"Well, yes. I don't know but I could scare you up a green possum and a blue coon, but I don't think I could find you a white woodchuck. That is something I never saw nor heard of. Did you, Jim?"

The query was addressed to his hired man, who was a German, and he shook his head and replied:

"I hear of some crazy folks, but not of white woodchucks. I guess dot mans means a red skunk!"

"I ask you, sir," said Mr. Bowser, ignoring Jim and addressing the farmer, "if there are no white woodchucks in this locality?"

"And I say that I never heard of one."

"But do you claim that all woodchucks are the same color?"

"I don't claim anything about it."

"No interest in the thing, eh?"

"Not the slightest. Whenever I can kill a chuck I do so, and that ends it."

"Then, sir, you are a wooden headed farmer, sir, and I have wasted my time!"

With that Mr. Bowser departed and walked to the next farm and made inquiry of a farmer mending a hoe.

Telephoned to the Constable.

"A white woodchuck? Say, you don't mean a pink rabbit, do you?"

"There are white woodchucks. I want one. I am willing to pay you well for your trouble."

"Must be your day off, stranger," said the farmer as he turned to his work. "I'm allus willin' to obleege, but I can't spare no time today to talk with lunatics. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next farm."

But they didn't. When Mr. Bowser had explained his mission the farmer entered his house and telephoned to the constable, a mile away, that there was a suspicious stranger hanging around, and the naturalist headed back for the terminus of the car line and home. He had been gone four hours, and he was tired. He expected to hear from Mrs. Bowser at once, but it was not until he had slept for two hours and woke up that she quietly said:

"I got to thinking after you went away, and it came to me that what you wanted was a maroon colored fox! If you feel like it tomorrow you can go again. Perhaps you may also find a terra cotta squirrel!"

The Rural Uplift.

"Has your family been of much assistance to you in running the place?"

"I should say so," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Food has been so high that the summer board season would have been a failure if it hadn't been fur mother and our son Josh."

"They saved the expenses of help?"

"No, sir. But Josh is a right good hand in a poker game, an' the way mother picked up bridge was somethin' amazin'."—Washington Star.

After a Victim.

"How did that city feller come to run his automobile in the creek?" asked Pa Farms.

"I guess th' was't nothin' in the road fer him to run over," said old man Acres, "and so he tried for a fish."—Buffalo Express.

Modest Desires.

Most people are very meek in their demands—wanting only a redhot time in this old world and ice enough to keep the next world cool!—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Question of Locality.

First Lady Guest—We're so comfortable here and the poor men home working hard. I'd just love to see my husband smoking now, wouldn't you?

Second Lady Guest—Good heavens, no! My husband's dead!—Exchange.

Adding Insult to Injury.

First Hen—Stopped laying?

Second Hen—Yes; they expect us to lift the mortgage for the auto that runs over us.—Harper's Bazar.

Good Evening.

Lights turned high.
Papa's very nigh.
Little brother's there,
Perched in a chair.
Resting in my lap,
Cat taking nap.
Enter Mamma Mudge
With a plate of fudge.
Sweetheart's sitting there;
I am sitting here—
Both on the settle.
Fido's in the middle.
Very late at night.
No relief in sight.
"Truly, I must go."
"Must you really, Joe?
Awfully glad you came.
Won't you come again?" says she.
Now, ain't that a dickens
Of an evening for me?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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